

Ant. He be thy Second.
Gen. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
 (Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
 Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
 (That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this extasie
 May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too austerely punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends, for I
 Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
 Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
 I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
 I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
 Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
 For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
 And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleue it
 Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
 If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy right, be ministred,
 No sweet asperion shall the heauens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
 Sower-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The vnion of your bed, with weeds so loathly
 That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
 As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
 With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion,
 Our worser Genius can, shall neuer melt
 Mine honor into lust, to take away
 The edge of that dayes celebration,
 When I shall thinke, or *Phobus* Steeds are founderd,
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;
 Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
 What *Ariell*; my industrious seruāt *Ariell*. Enter *Ariell*.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
 Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
 In such another trick: goe bring the rabble
 (Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
 Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
 Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
 Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twinkle.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,
 And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
 Each one tripping on his Toe,
 Will be here with mop, and mowe.
 Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
 Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Pro. Look thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
 Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
 To th' fire ith' blood: be more abstentious,
 Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
 The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

Pro. Well.
 Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolari,
 Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & perty. *Soft musicke.*
 No tongue: all eyes: be silent.

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
 Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
 Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibbling Sheepe,
 And flat Medes thetch'd with Stouer, them to keepe:
 Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
 Which spongie *Aprill*, at thy best betrim;

To make cold Nymphes chaff crownes; & thy broome.
 Whose shadow the dismissed Bachelor Loues, (groues;
 Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge flurrie, and rockey-hard,
 Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
 Whose warty Arch, and messenger, am I.

Bids thee leaue these, & with her foueraigne grace, *Inno*
 Here on this grassie-plot, in this very place
 To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. Enter *Ceres*.

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
 Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:

Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
 Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
 And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
 My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
 Rich scarp to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
 Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the blest Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
 If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
 Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
 The meanes, that duskie *Diana*, thy daughter got,
 Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,
 I haue forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
 Be not afraid: I met her deitie
 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
 Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
 Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
 Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
 Her waspish headed Sonne, has broke his arrowes,
 Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queene of State,
 Great *Inno* comes, I know her by her gate.

In. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
 To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
 And honour in their Issue. *They Sing.*

In. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Honorely ioyes, be still vpon you,

Inno

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter *Ariell*.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
 I thought to haue told thee of it; but I fear'd
 Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
 So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
 For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
 For kissing of their feet; yet alwaies bending
 Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
 At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares;
 Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses
 As they smelt musicke; so I charmd their eares
 That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
 Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
 Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
 I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
 There dancing vp to th' chins, that the fowle Lake
 Ore-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)

Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:

The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
 For stale to catch these theeuers. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
 Nurture can neuer Ricke: on whom my paines
 Humanely taken, all; all lost, quite lost,
 And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
 So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
 Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter *Ariell*, laden with glistering apparell, etc. Enter

Caliban, *Stephano*, and *Trinculo*, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
 not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, & you say is a harmlesse Fairy,
 Has done little better then plaid the Jacke with vs.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
 My nose is in great indignation.

St. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
 Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,
 Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
 Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
 All's hush as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.

St. There is not onely disgrace and dishonour in that
 Monster, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
 Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

St. I will fetch off my bottle,
 Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
 This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
 Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
 Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*
 For aye thy foot-licker.

St. Giue me thy hand,
 I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
 Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a
 frippery, O King *Stephano*.

St. Put.

Cal. We with your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. We with your peace.

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